

The BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

VOLUME XIV. No. 9

THE BEACON PRESS, BOSTON, MASS.

DECEMBER 2, 1923

A Young Doctor's Adventure

By Frederick E. Burnham

SEVERAL years since, the writer chanced along a dusty country road in a small township of southern New Hampshire. The sun was hot that afternoon and from time to time I tarried in the shade cast by some friendly tree. It was while I was seated beneath a big pine tree that a farmer leaned over the wall and remarked the torrid weather. For a time we chatted, the farmer the while glad enough to rest from his labor. Finally a small automobile whirled by amid a cloud of dust, and the man at the wheel, a man well along in years, wearing a bushy, gray beard, waved his hand to the farmer.

"There goes Doc Harris like the wind as usual," chuckled the farmer. "About fifty years ago he first hung out his shingle here in town. He was about twenty-two years old then. He was smart as a whip, if he hadn't been, he wouldn't be here today. Huh! I'll never forget the day he tried to ford the river. Would you like to hear about it?"

I eagerly assented and a moment later the farmer had climbed over the wall and seated himself beside me.

"Doc Harris had pretty hard sledding when first he came here, though no harder perhaps than the average young coun-

try doctor," said my companion, drawing a jackknife from his pocket and commencing to whittle a chip which he had picked up. "He didn't have much money, but he did have a fast horse. Speaking of that, Doc Harris was a firm believer in getting there. Up to the time that automobiles got fairly reasonable he always drove about the fastest horse in town, barring race-horses of course. Finally he bought an automobile and then he fairly ate up the road.

"But to return to Doc's adventure, that occurred shortly after he settled here in town. It was in the spring of the year. The ice had gone out a fortnight or so previous and when it went out it took along with it the only bridge within ten miles. The water had dropped quite a deal since the bridge was carried away, but still it was pretty high and the current was strong.

"One morning along about eight o'clock showed up at Doc's office a young fellow of the name of Mark Randall, who lived across the river. Mark wasn't over and above bright, but Mark sure did think a pile of his mother. The facts of the case were that she was pretty near Death's door with pneumonia when Mark started off after Doc Harris. There being no

bridge handy, Mark crossed by way of the ford. Most of the way the water wasn't more than three or four feet deep, but there was one spot where it was a case of swim and swim hard would he get across. Huh! He didn't say anything about that to Doc Harris when he told him about the ford. I guess it would not have made much difference if he had, though, for Doc Harris was no weakling and mighty determined.

"Well, Doc Harris heard Mark's story about his mother and he wasn't long in harnessing up his horse. I doubt if it was over ten minutes from the time Mark arrived before they were on the way. Doc didn't know just where the ford was, so he relied on Mark. Upon reaching the river Doc had a deal of trouble in getting his horse to wade in, but finally he got him started and it wasn't long before the water was slopping in about their feet. About that time Doc handed Mark his medicine bag and told him to hold it up out of reach of the water. 'You attend to this bag,' he said, 'and I will look after the horse.'

"The time came shortly that Doc had his hands full when it came to taking care of his horse, for all of a sudden the animal walked into the gut which Mark had been obliged to swim. It wasn't more than half a minute before Mark yelled to Doc that the current was carrying them down below the ford. Doc didn't say anything. He saw what a predicament he was in and was trying to figure out just how to get across. It wasn't long before Doc began to realize that he was in danger of his life. He called to mind the fact that two miles or so below the town were the falls. Mark, scared almost out of the few wits that he did have, was crying like a good one.

"'I'm goin' to swim for it!' cried Mark when they were about a mile from the falls.

"'You sit where you are and hold that bag over your head, or I'll throw you into the river!' roared Doc. Mark was so scared that he didn't offer to budge. Doc laughed a good many times over that threat.

"It was about that time that Doc called to mind the fact that there was a wire cable across the river about half a mile above the falls, a cable used for the purpose of pulling a little ferry back and forth across the river from about the first of May to the first of November. Doc saw that he had just one chance for his



PREPARING FOR ACTION

life and he determined to make the most of it.

"Well, it wasn't long before he caught sight of the wire and then he got ready for business. Stepping over the dasher and out onto the left shaft, he threw his right leg over his horse's back well up toward the animal's fore shoulders, and the while he kept a sharp eye on the cable. It was about that time that it dawned on Mark what Doc was up to, and seeing the cable, he, too, got ready to make a grab for it, but the while he took good care to keep Doc's bag well out of reach of the water, for he still kept in mind Doc's threat.

The time came that the cable came within Mark's reach and he gripped it with his free hand. It was but a fraction of a second later that Doc got hold of it. It was then that the real struggle commenced. It was slow work and required a pile of muscle, for the horse had long since given up trying. About all he would do was to swim enough to keep his nose above water. There was quite a crowd of men, women and children on both sides of the river watching the battle that the Doc and Mark were putting up. There was considerable cheering, but all the while there wasn't anybody scarcely who really expected much to come of the struggle, for they were moving so slowly that from the shore they hardly seemed to move at all.

"But slow as they progressed, Doc stuck to it like a good one, and Mark did, too. When one hand got tired of holding the bag in the air, Mark would shift it to the other hand, taking good care not to let the cable slip out of his reach. Finally, though, it looked to those on shore as though Doc was going to make it, and then there was cheering that beat anything I had ever heard along that line. Then, all of a sudden it stopped. Somebody caught sight of a big log which was coming down-river. Then it wasn't more than two hundred feet away and coming fast. Doc heard the warning shout, and turning, he caught sight of the log. He saw that it was headed directly for him. Doc got into action. He gave about three tremendous pulls at the cable and then he yelled to Mark, telling him to let go of the cable. Mark was too slow of wit to realize what Doc had in mind, but he obeyed, nevertheless, and it was well for him that he did so, for it wasn't more than three seconds after Mark ducked under the cable and the carriage swung down-stream when the log shot by, just scraping the rear right wheel. The cheer that went up then beat that other cheering all hollow. It seemed as though everybody on the shore had gone crazy. All the time Doc was pulling on the cable, pulling for his very life, for now he had it all to do.

"But the time soon came that Doc got out of the swiftest of the current and then it was not long before the horse got a footing in the shallower water. Finally Doc eased up on the wire and three or four seconds later he jumped

off his horse's back. Old Deacon Murdock was the first to grab Doc's hand and shake it. Doc winced and then held his hands up where nobody could get hold of either of them again in a hurry. They were dripping with blood."

"I presume the doctor did not complete that trip under the circumstances," I ventured, the farmer pausing.

"Huh! Doc Harris wasn't that kind of a man," chuckled the farmer. "It wasn't two minutes before he was in his buggy and off up the road on his way to Mark's house. He didn't show up on this side of the river for two days, and then he came by way of the bridge ten miles above here. He had a tough battle bringing Mark's mother through that attack of pneumonia, but he won out just the same. Things came easier with Doc Harris after that adventure. Folks got to feeling that they could depend on him and he never disappointed them either. It was only the other day that I was joking him about buying a flying-machine. 'John,' said he, 'John, I believe I would buy one if I could be sure of a good landing-place where I make my calls.' The funny part about it was that he was as sober as a judge about it all the while."

Such is the story the writer heard by the wayside that hot July day, the story of a noble man whose motto through life seemed to be—"Get there! Get there, whatever the odds!"

A Food Show

BY BLANCHE ELIZABETH WADE

S AID a Woodchuck to a Muskrat,

As they took a little stroll,
"Come along and see my cellar
By the old log on the knoll.
It is stocked with food in plenty,
For the winter will be keen,
When the snow comes down and covers
All the tender things so green."

So the Muskrat went with Woodchuck
And the cellar he did see;
And he found it so well furnished,
It was full as it could be.
But the corn was Farmer Stebbins',
With potatoes from his field,
And some other toothsome samples
Of the farmer's there concealed.

"Now come on and see my pantry,"
Said the Muskrat to his friend.
"It is down beneath the old roots
By the brook, you may depend,
And within my little larder,
You shall see my large supplies;
For I, too, have food in plenty,
When the snow on meadow lies."

So the Woodchuck went most gladly,
And he saw a cheerful sight,
For the Muskrat's store was also
One to cause a deep delight.
But I fear if Farmer Stebbins
Had been there himself, you know,
It would then have shown him clearly,
This was *his*—not *their* food show!

Blue Birds and Autumn Leaves

BY BELLA DIMICK

THE autumn day was dark and dreary. Rain had fallen, and bright leaves lay on the ground, splashed and sodden. When the Blue Birds were in their little room, splashed, but very far from sodden, the teacher said Edna had spoken, last Sunday, of something they ought to do. They all looked inquiringly at Edna, who looked puzzled. How could she remember, for a whole week, what she had said? She said so many things!

"There was a lesson, last spring, in God's *Wonder World* —" suggested the teacher. Edna suddenly remembered. "I know!" she cried, "I said we ought to have a lesson about the trees in their autumn dress." "That's it," said the teacher, "and I thought we would go out of doors, where we could look at the foliage, and pick up bright leaves from the grass; but we will do the best we can in the house. Next Sunday, I fear, will be too late."

They reviewed the lesson about the trees, closing with these questions: "Let us, how did we leave the trees last spring?"

"We left them with fresh, green leaves; and sap was coming up from the roots to feed them," answered Betty, promptly.

"Geraldine, how does the spread of the roots compare with the tops of the trees?"

"The roots take three times the space that the branches do," responded Geraldine.

"What are the roots doing now, Dorothea?"

"They have almost stopped work," said Dorothea, "and when winter comes, they will rest altogether."

"What happens to the leaves as autumn advances, Edna?"

"They change their color."

"Dorothea, will you go out with Edna, and get a few autumn leaves? You can't reach them? Well, just sweetly ask the North Wind, and he will blow some down."

Soon they returned, the yellow of maple leaves in their hands glowing like sunshine.

"These were all the North Wind blew down," said Dorothea. "There were some red ones on an oak, but they wouldn't let go!"

"These will do for a pattern," said the teacher; "we shall have to make our own leaves." She took from her bag strips of stiff paper, red, yellow, green and brown. Marjorie found the scissors, and the crayola, and each one, supplied with the strips of paper, set to work. They folded the strips lengthwise, put a natural leaf, with the middle on the fold, and marked around it with crayola. When all were marked, they cut them out, one cut making both sides of the leaf, thus saving time. Then they cut "tongues" in the leaves, and, when this was done,

they wove them in a line, slipping the tongue of one through the tongue-hole of the next, in regular order, as red, yellow, green, brown, or any way they happened to come. Marjorie put hers around her head like a wreath, and the teacher fastened it for her. The others did the same. "Now quickly cut some more without the tongues," said the teacher, getting more paper from her bag. While they marked and cut these, she taught them a little song, and when the leaves were done they knew it fairly well.

"Mercy! what a litter!" cried Edna, looking at the floor, and fell to gathering up the scraps. The others hastened to help, and in a minute the litter was all in the waste basket. Not a snip remained. "I want you to be trees," explained the teacher; and, quick as thought, the little girls were standing, with their hands above their heads. "Yes, but you haven't any leaves on your branches! I want the trees before the leaves have all blown off."

Edna was first but the others were almost as quick. They put bunches of the paper leaves between the fingers of their left hands, but needed help for the right. Betty helped Edna, Marjorie helped Geraldine and Dorothea, Betty helped Marjorie, and then the teacher helped Betty.

"Stand far enough apart so you'll not interfere with each other. Imagine you are trees in a gentle breeze. All ready? Sing!" And swaying from the waist, their arms waving in harmonious motion, they sang:

"The leaves that all the golden summer long,
Have rustled in each passing breeze,
All clad in gowns of crimson, gold
and brown,
Now one by one are falling from
the trees.

(Some of the leaves fell here. More than the girls intended, but it is difficult to hold them between the fingers.)

"Good-by, good-by to you, old mother dear,

Each one in passing seemed to say;
We've swung all summer on your
branches long,

But now when Autumn comes, we'll
fly away!"

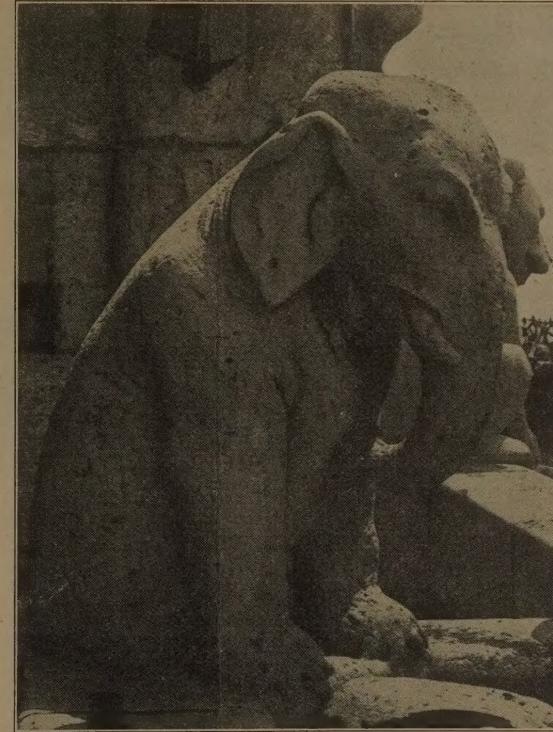
(The remainder of the leaves came gently down, during this verse.)

"That's just practice," declared Edna. "We ought to do it again."

They did it again; then the teacher said they must rest their arms. It was hard holding them up like that. So they sat around her, and she asked how many recalled Joyce Kilmer's poem about a tree which they had in connection with the lesson last spring.

Marjorie's face beamed. "Geraldine and I learned every bit of it!" The others had not memorized it, but they remembered it, especially about the "nest of robins in her hair."

"Say the first stanza, Geraldine," said the teacher.



A Baffled Beast

BY ELEANOR KENLEY BACON

WAY over the sea in gay Paree,
From Notre Dame looking down,
This elephant sits and he never flits
With the circus from town to town.
He never can drink pink lemonade,
Or gobble up peanuts, I'm afraid.

As he sits aloft, he wishes oft
He could with the youngsters go,
To a circus tent and follow his bent
And be about half of the show,
And make all the children open their
eyes

As they gaze in wonder at his size.

But the poor baffled beast sits all alone,
And broods o'er the fact that he's made
of stone!

Geraldine thought a moment.

"I think that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree."

"Marjorie, will you say the last stanza?"

"Poems are made by fools, like me,
But only God can make a tree!"

"We see trees all around us," said the teacher, "but we never stop to think how wonderful they are. The roots, dividing and spreading underground, taking moisture and nourishment from the earth, and sending it up, through little tubes, to the leaves. What a cool shade, what cosy nooks for bird-nests these leaves make all summer! Then in the autumn, putting on those gorgeous colors in a burst of glory before they fall. Truly, 'only God can make a tree.'"

"You may sing the song again, if you like." The Blue Birds gathered the

leaves from the floor, and when they were in place, took their tree attitudes singing with a will. They had come to

"Now, when Autumn comes we'll fly —" when the door opened, and there stood the minister, with the call bell in his hands. There was a simultaneous groan. Then a tree spoke, "Oh! Mr. B——, it surely isn't time to stop! Your watch is fast!"

The minister forgot to ring the bell; his eyes, with a smile in their depths, were fixed upon those little images of Autumn, standing in a group, their hands, leaf-laden, held above their wreath-bound heads.

A Catechism

A LIBERAL-MINDED teacher of a small group of children in a town where there is no Protestant Sunday school is using the following brief catechism. We are publishing it in the hope that it may be of service to others who may find an opportunity of doing similar work.

Who made the world?

In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth. Gen. 1:1.

How long has God existed?

*Even from everlasting to everlasting,
Thou art God.* Ps. 90:2.

Are there more gods than one?

Thou shalt have no other gods before me. Ex. 20:3.

What does John call God?

God is love. 1 John 4:8.

What name do we use when we pray?

Our Father which art in Heaven. Matt. 6:9.

Why do we love God?

We love him because he first loved us. 1 John 4:19.

What is sin?

Sin is the transgression of the law. 1 John 3:4.

What great commandment did Jesus give?

Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind, and thy neighbor as thyself. Luke 10:27.

What is the Golden Rule?

All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them. Matt. 7:12.

How does the Bible teach us to treat each other?

Be ye kind to one another, tender-



THE BEACON CLUB

OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.

OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.

OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.



Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of The Beacon Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

MAIN ST.,
NORTH EASTON, MASS

Dear Miss Buck:—I go to the Unitarian Church of North Easton. Our minister is Mr. Lewis and I like him very much. I am eight years old and am in the fourth grade of the North Easton Grammar School. There are thirty-one children in my room. Miss Leah is our teacher and I like her very much. I enjoy reading *The Beacon*. I am writing this letter in the hope that I may join the Club.

Yours truly,
ROBERT HENDERSON.

46 WASHINGTON, ST.,
SANFORD, MAINE.

Dear Miss Buck:—I would like to become a member of the Beacon Club. I am thirteen years old and am in the eighth grade. My teacher's name is Miss Dyer. I like *The Beacon* very much and enjoy reading the stories in it. I would like to have some girl of my age write to me.

Yours truly,
ANTOINETTE de MILLE.

hearted, forgiving one another.
Ephesians 4:32.

What does Jesus say about preaching the Gospel?

Other sheep I have which are not of this fold; them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice, and there shall be one fold and one shepherd.

John 10:16.

Into how many parts is the Bible divided?

Into two parts: the Old Testament and the New Testament.

How many books in the Old Testament?

Thirty-nine.

How many books in the New Testament?

Twenty-seven.

A relief worker tells of a destitute boy who was taunted by the villagers for still keeping his faith in God. "What do you mean by saying God loves you?" they said in scorn. "Would a God who cares for you leave you unaided and friendless?" "He does love me, and wants to help me," the boy still insisted, "but the man whom He is asking to help me will not listen."

—Selected.

Our God be praised
For those who sailed a threatening sea
To build a home of liberty,
Who lived and died to make men free.
For them our God be praised.

Our God be praised
For those who dare to live or die
That ever stainless, proud and high
Our flag of stripes and stars may fly.
For them our God be praised.

—Nyle Whitcomb.

RECREATION CORNER.

ENIGMA XVII.

I am composed of 21 letters.
My 1, 9, 12, 11, 4, 3, 1, 4, 10, are too much sought after.

My 20, 5, 4, 6, 16, is a much-used adjective.
My 21, 17, 13, 14, 15, 19, 2, 7, belongs to the ten commandments.

My 8, 5, 4, 15, 13, 12, 3, is one of a famous group of islands.

My 16, 18, 20, 4, 5, is a fierce beast.

My 5, 13, 7, is a small, unloved animal.

My 20, 18, 19, is a strong drink.

My 14, 9, 10, 3, 2, 12, is a great city.

My whole is something the world in our day stands badly in need of.

G.

ENIGMA XVIII.

I am composed of 14 letters.
My 2, 10, 13, 5, is daily food for many.

My 9, 8, 11, 4, 10, 14, 11, carries light.

My 12, 6, 3, 2, is to condemn.

My 7, 1, 11, 12, 6, 14, is freedom from prejudice.
My whole is something my friends like to receive each year.

Exchange.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC

(Seven seven-letter words in a column. The plurals and finals spell the name of a President of the United States.)

1. A girl's name.
2. A noted Venetian painter.
3. A brutal, boisterous fellow.
4. A yearly calendar giving days of week and month, rise and set of sun and moon, tides, etc.
5. The friend of Hamlet.
6. A town of Sussex, England, situated on the Arun.
7. To dampen slightly.

Scattered Seeds.

GIVEN HEADS

I am a limb: with practiced stroke
I shape the marble, fell the oak.

Prefix an F; across my lands

The oxen strain beneath the yoke.

I am a bird; oft startlingly
I hoot from out some ghostly tree.

Prefix an H; now long and loud

The wounded gray wolf utters me.

I am a date; when I am told
I give the years of young and old.

Prefix a P; my printed words

A strange adventure may unfold.

The Wellspring.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 7

ENIGMA XIII.—Liberty and union, now and forever, one and inseparable.

ENIGMA XIV.—Speech is silvern, silence is golden.

HYDRA-HEADED WORDS.—1. Mouse, house, rouse.

2. Carp, harp, warp. 3. Crow, prow, brow.

DIAMONDS OF NUMBER.—

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| 1. S NET SEVEN TEA N | 2. F BOA FORTY ATE Y |
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THE BEACON

REV. FLORENCE BUCK, EDITOR.

Issued weekly from the first Sunday of October to the first Sunday of June, inclusive

PUBLISHED BY

THE BEACON PRESS, Inc.
25 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

May also be secured from
299 Madison Ave., New York City
105 S. Dearborn St., Chicago
612 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco

Subscription Price: Single subscription, 60 cents. In packages to schools, 50 cents.

Entered at the Boston Post-office as second-class mail matter

Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized on September 13, 1918.

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